

of coal and steel production, two world wars requiring the greatest manufacturing efforts of the people and resources, were all challenging times during which South Park citizens endured and even relished each challenge. The area witnessed firsthand the rise of the common laborer in pay standards, working conditions, and safety in the work place through trade and labor union organizations in the industries that continue today in South Park. Throughout its remarkable history the community of South Park has been known as home for many generations of hardworking and honorable citizens. The times have changed, but the people have remained true to their ideals—solid, persistent, and optimistic.

It is my wish that the people of the township of South Park recommit themselves to retaining all of the attributes unique to this historic part of America. I know this Congress and the Nation join me in saying: Congratulations, South Park, on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the township. I encourage you to maintain your community pride and wish you well on the occasion of 150 years as a historically successful community which future generations will certainly emulate.

TRIBUTE TO MARY DWYER

HON. FLOYD SPENCE

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 28, 1995

Mr. SPENCE. Mr. Speaker, I rise to bring to the attention of my colleagues an article that appeared in the September 20, 1995, edition of *The Lexington County Chronicle*. I believe that this account of the impressions of a recently naturalized citizen, who resides in the Second Congressional District of South Carolina, is an eloquent statement of what it truly means to be an American.

ON BECOMING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

(Mary Dwyer, a Pirelli Cable employee in Lexington, shared these thoughts on her family's naturalization at a recent Lexington County Toastmasters meeting.)

I am proud that I am a naturalized, certified, 100% American! It seems like just yesterday that my husband and our then 15-month-old son and I arrived at the airport in Atlanta on a 90° day and thought that the days couldn't get hotter. How wrong we were!

We had gone through the bureaucratic machinery of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. We had completed reams of forms, been checked by the FBI, had provided police reports from every city we had lived in since we were 16 years old. We had gone through the complete medical exam including an AIDS test. We had prepared for our interview with the American Embassy by studying the geography, history, and current affairs of the United States. The only question we were asked was if we intended to go on welfare.

We had paid hundreds of dollars to process our paperwork. We had sold our home, our cars, our furniture, packed our clothes, our books, our special memories, quit our jobs, waved good-bye to our friends, kissed our families, and with mixed emotions embarked on our journey to the New World, as so many millions had done before.

We stood in line at the Atlanta airport, my son tired, hungry and crying in my husband's arms while I held the envelopes containing our chest x-rays which we were told not to bend. I thought to myself how unsure the future was, how disheveled we were after the long eight-hour flight, and how humiliated I was standing like this waiting to be fingerprinted and issued a green card giving me the status of "resident alien."

I rehearsed our decision to come to the United States. We both had good jobs, promising careers, a comfortable life-style with our friends and families. What has possessed us to throw it away for the uncertainty of life in a new country? My self-confidence, once strong and unshakable, was wavering.

I looked at my son and wondered if I had done the right thing for him. I questioned my adequacy as a mother. But the decision had been reached, the commitment made. It was time to extricate myself from self pity and face the consequences and responsibilities.

Then an Immigration and Naturalization Service agent picked us out of the long line and brought us to the INS office. She was a kind lady—an unbureaucratic bureaucrat. I had dreaded dealing with the INS. I recalled how nasty some INS agents at Kennedy Airport had been. Meeting the INS agent in Atlanta began my ever evolving understanding of the differences between Northerners and Southerners.

Since then, our understanding of several aspects of American life has been enhanced. I have eaten grits and okra, watched people shag, and been introduced to "Saturday Night Live" and "Gilligan's Island." I've learned that a Super Bowl is a football game, not an oversized toilet. I gained first hand knowledge of medicine in this country after my husband severed his hand, our son, then age two, amputated a finger, and best of all, the birth of our second son at Richland Memorial Hospital five years ago. I've volunteered with the Boy Scouts, Sistercare, United Way, and the March of Dimes. I've learned to drive on the right side of the road and how to express my dissatisfaction with other drivers. Through experience, I have realized that South Carolina is my home and I never want to stray.

We felt confident when we applied for our American citizenship in 1994. We completed reams of forms and sent lots of money to the INS. We answered silly questions such as "Do you intend to overthrow the government of the United States of America?"

We studied for our interview. In Charleston, a professional, competent and likable gentleman determined our ability to read and write English and told us he could find no reason why we could not become American citizens. We were thrilled and celebrated with Wendy's hamburgers while we rushed back so that my husband could get to school on time. Education is important to us. That my husband could finish his degree part-time was a major factor in coming here.

After about four months, we received notification that we would be sworn in as citizens in Charleston on July 26, 1995. We arrived early, excited but sad, too, that we had neither family nor friends with whom to share this important day. How delighted and grateful we were to see that Louise Farley, of the Lexington County Toastmasters, and her daughter had made the journey from Lexington to add to our joy. This was the moment we had been waiting for for eight years.

The wonderful people of this country have made us feel welcome. But becoming an American cements that feeling of place and

acceptance. I feel privileged that I can vote and will take every opportunity to do so.

TIMOTHY C. MCCAGHREN CUSTOMS ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

HON. RONALD D. COLEMAN

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 28, 1995

Mr. COLEMAN. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing legislation to name the Ysleta/Zaragosa Port of Entry in El Paso, TX after Timothy C. McCaghren, a Customs inspector who was tragically killed in the line of duty.

Customs Inspector Timothy C. McCaghren would be honored by having the U.S. Customs Administrative Building at 797 South Ysleta in El Paso, TX designated as the "Timothy C. McCaghren Customs Administrative Building."

Customs Inspector Timothy McCaghren, assigned to the Ysleta Port of Entry in El Paso, TX, attempted to stop a van at the port February 19, 1990. The driver of the van accelerated and ran the port, dragging Inspector McCaghren until he was flung from the vehicle. Inspector McCaghren died the following day from a head injury sustained in the incident. He is survived by his wife, Dedra, and his children, Chastity and Brandt.

As the Speaker knows, I have fought to obtain law enforcement status for Customs inspectors. Customs inspectors are often our first line of defense against terrorists and the smuggling of illegal drugs. Many inspectors carry firearms and face a constant threat of severe bodily injury and death. A recent study showed that more Customs officers die due to service-related injuries than any other group with the exception of Drug Enforcement Administration and Bureau of Prisons officers. Earlier this session, I introduced legislation that would grant Customs inspectors a 20-year law enforcement retirement package. It is presently being considered by the House Committee on Government Reform and Oversight.

Customs Inspector Timothy C. McCaghren, a devoted father, will be remembered as a courageous, dedicated public servant. With every drug seizure Inspector McCaghren made, he would say, "That's one load that won't reach my kids." His passing is a tragic loss, not only for his family, but for the Nation.

Mr. Speaker, Timothy C. McCaghren deserves to be honored by having this Federal building named in his memory. I urge my colleagues to pass this legislation.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. DESIGNATION.

The United States Customs Administrative Building at the Ysleta/Zaragosa Port of Entry located at 797 South Ysleta in El Paso, Texas, shall be known and designated as the "Timothy C. McCaghren Customs Administrative Building".

SEC. 2. REFERENCES.

Any reference in a law, map, regulation, document, paper, or other record of the United States to the building referred to in section 1 shall be deemed to be a reference to the "Timothy C. McCaghren Customs Administrative Building".